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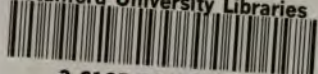
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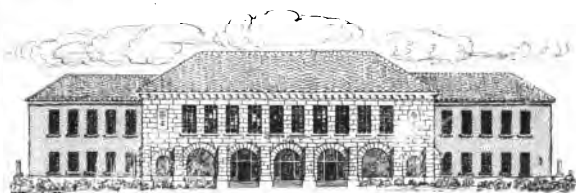


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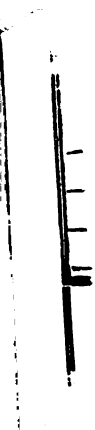


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ALFRED TENNYSON

THE STORY OF ENID THE GOOD

A SUPPLEMENTARY READER

PREPARED FOR
THE SEVENTH GRADE

BY

SARA D. JENKINS

Author of the "Prose Marmion," "Prose Lady of the Lake,"
and editor of the "Child of Urbino"

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ENID THE GOOD.

CHAPTER I.

“O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour,
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true ;
Here, thro’ the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen !

So fared it with Geraint.”

One day, while King Arthur was sitting high in his hall, at Carleon on the Usk, where he held his court, there came before him a forester, wet from the wood.

He came to tell of a milk-white hart taller than all other deer, and first seen that day. The King at once gave orders for the hunting horns to blow early on the following morning.

Guinevere, the beautiful Queen, asked that she might be permitted to see the sport, and the King, who loved her well, was easily persuaded.

Lost in sweet dreams, the lady lay late, forgetful of the hunt, and when she awoke, found that the King and all the hunters were gone. Quickly she rose, dressed hastily, and with a single maid as guard and guide, mounted her horse, forded the Usk, and reached the wood.

On a little knoll, she waited to hear the hounds. Instead of hounds, she heard the tread of a horse, and turning, saw the noble prince, Geraint.

He wore no hunting dress, and no weapon except his sword.

So beautifully was he attired in summer garb, in silks of holiday, and purple scarf trimmed with gold, that he seemed a great, brilliant dragon-fly, flashing up from the shallows of the river.

The Prince bowed low, and the Queen returned his greeting with sweetness and with stateliness that well became the woman and the queen. Most graciously she smiled, and said:

"Late, late, Sir Prince, later than I."

"Yes, noble Queen," he answered, "and so late, that, like you, I came not to join the hunt, but to see it."

"Wait, then, with me," she said, "for on this little knoll, if anywhere, we shall see the hounds. Here often they break cover."

While they listened for the distant sound, and for the deep baying of King Arthur's favorite hound, there rode slowly by, a knight, a lady, and a dwarf. The knight had his vizor up, showing a youthful face, but proud and haughty.

The Queen, not recalling the name of the knight who had so surlily passed her by, sent her maid to the dwarf to learn

who his master was. Old, irritable, and vicious, the dwarf answered sharply that she should not know.

"Then I shall ask the knight myself," the maid replied.

"No, thou shalt not!" cried he; "you are not worthy to speak to one so great."

When she turned her horse toward the path which the knight followed, the dwarf struck at her, and she fled in alarm to the Queen.

Then Prince Geraint exclaimed:

"Surely I may ask the name!" and riding straight to the dwarf, sharply asked who the knight that rode before might be. He received the same surly reply, and when he turned to approach the unknown knight, the dwarf struck Geraint and cut his cheek.

The Prince seized his sword to avenge the insult, but looking down at the poor

misshapen creature, from pure manfulness could not be led to fight with one so weak, so deformed, so inferior. Returning to the side of the Queen, he said:

"I will avenge this insult, noble Queen, done in your presence and through your messengers to you. I will track this insolent knight to his home, and though I ride unarmed, if arms are to be had for price or pledge, I will break his helmet and his pride. If I fall not in the fight, I shall be here again on the third day; farewell."

"Farewell, brave Prince," answered the Queen; "may you ever be prosperous, and live to wed her whom you truly love. Promise me that when you choose your wife, though she be a beggar from the hedge, or a daughter of a king, with mine own hands I may clothe her for that bridal, radiant as the sun."

Geraint promised and rode away, vexed to lose the hunt, vexed at the vile errand on which he rode, but keeping his eye fixed on the three who rode before him.

CHAPTER II.

Up and down, through grassy glades and valleys, he followed. At last they issued from the forest and climbed a hill, from which could be seen the long street of a little town, standing in the valley. On one side of the street rose a fortress, new and white from the mason's hand, and on the other side stood a castle in decay.

"Beyond a bridge that spann'd a dry ravine :
And out of town and valley came a noise
As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed
Brawling, or like a clamor of the rooks
At distance, ere they settle for the night."

Onward to the fortress rode the three, the knight, the lady, and the dwarf. They entered, and were safe within its walls.

"Ah!" thought Geraint, "I've tracked him to his den."

The Prince, then riding down the street, found every inn full, and every man shoeing horses or scouring armor.

Geraint asked, "What means this bustle in this little town?" One, scouring as he spoke, replied, "The Sparrowhawk."

"Then riding close behind an ancient churl,
Who, smitten by the dusty sloping beam,
Went sweating underneath a sack of corn,
Ask'd yet once more what meant the hubbub
here?

Who answer'd gruffly, 'Ugh! the sparrowhawk.'

Riding past an armorer's, the Prince found the man bowed over his work, his back turned, his eyes riveted on the helmet in his hand. Again Geraint asked, "What means this bustle in this little town?"

Not turning, not looking at the speaker, the man replied:

"Friend, he that labors for the Sparrow-hawk has little time to answer idle questions."

At this, the Prince flashed into sudden wrath. "A thousand pips eat up your Sparrow-hawk! You think the cackle of your little town is the roar of the great world. You are all a wretched set of sparrows, hawk-mad. Speak, if you can, and say where I may get me rest for the night, and arms with which to fight mine enemy."

At this, the armor-maker turned, and seeing one so richly dressed, came forward and said:

"Pardon me, O stranger knight! We hold a tourney here to-morrow, and there is scant time for half the work. Arms! Indeed, all arms will be wanted here, and as for resting-place, I know not,

unless it be at Earl Yniol's, over the bridge yonder."

Geraint rode across the bridge to the gray, old castle. There, musing on the past, in garments of frayed magnificence, but once fit for the finest feast, sat the white-haired Earl, to whose greeting Geraint replied, "I seek rest for the night." The host answered, "Enter, and partake of the slender meal of a house once rich, now poor, but whose door is ever open."

"Thanks, venerable friend," replied Geraint, "so that you do not serve me sparrow-hawks for food, I will gladly enter, and eat with the hunger of a twelve-hour fast."

The Earl sighed, yet smiled, saying, "Grave cause have I to hate this Sparrow-hawk, this hedge-row thief. But go in, and unless you desire it, we will not speak of him even in jest."

Geraint rode into the castle court, his charger trampling over weeds and broken stone, for all lay in ruin. Here stood a shattered archway, there lay a fallen tower plumed with fern, and next, high and bare to the sun and storm, a winding stair, once trod by feet now dust. Great ivy vines clasped the gray, old walls as if to hide the nakedness and make it a green-grown grave.

While he waited midst all that was so poor and old, the rich young voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang singing through the open casement. So sweet was the voice, that Geraint began to picture to himself the dress, the form, the face of the singer, and as he listened, he thought, "Here is the one voice for me."

The song she sang was of Fortune and her wheel.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with
smile or frown,
With that wild wheel we go not up or
down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are
great.
Smile, and we smile, the lords of many
lands;
Frown, and we smile, the lords of our
own hands;
For man is man, and master of his fate."

"Hark!" said her father, "and by the
bird's song you may know the nest.
Enter and welcome."

CHAPTER III.

Obeying, Geraint found seated in the dusky raftered hall, an ancient dame in dim brocade. Near her, like a fair flower, was Enid, the daughter.

Again Geraint thought, "Here is the one maid for me."

Then said the Earl, "Enid, this good knight's horse stands in the court. Take it to the stall and give it food, then go to the town and buy us wine and meat. We will be as merry as we may."

As Enid passed, the Prince rose and would have followed, but Yniol said, "Forbear; our house, though fallen, will not permit its guest to serve himself."

From courtesy and reverence for the proud old man, Geraint let the maiden pass alone.

“So Enid took his charger to the stall;
And after went her way across the bridge,
And reach'd the town, while the Prince and
Earl
Yet spoke together.”

She soon returned, followed by a youth who bore the meat, the wine, and the bread. Enid spread the board, and stood behind and waited on the three.

Seeing her so sweet, so serviceable, so beautiful, Geraint would fain have stooped and kissed the tender little hand that served. His eyes followed as she moved, now here, now there, about the dusky banquet room;

“For now the wine made summer in his veins,
Let his eye rove in following, or rest
On Enid at her lowly hand-maid work.
Then suddenly address the hoary Earl:”

“Good host and friend, this Sparrowhawk, what is he? If he be the knight I saw ride into yonder fortress, in your

town, he is my enemy. I have sworn to break his helmet and his pride, and from him wring his name. I am Geraint of Devon. This morning the dwarf that rides in the knight's train offered insult to the fair Queen of our great Arthur, and I have tracked the caitiff to his hold, to fight not the poor misshapen thing, the dwarf, but the master. Where can I find arms, that I may avenge the insult done the Queen?"

"For all unarm'd I rode, and thought to find
Arms in your town, where all the men are
mad;

They take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes around the
world;

They would not hear me speak; but if ye
know

Where I can light on arms, or if yourself
Should have them, tell me, seeing I have
sworn

That I will break his pride and learn his name,
Avenging this great insult done the Queen."

"Art thou indeed Geraint?" cried Yniol. "From your bearing, I guessed that you were one of those who dwell in Arthur's Hall, at Camelot. Your name has sounded far for noble deeds. Often to Enid and to her mother have I told your feats at arms. They ever loved to hear, for grateful to noble hearts is the tale of noble deeds. Your foe, the Sparrow-hawk, is child of my own brother, and is my curse, and hated suitor to my Enid.

"O never yet had woman such a pair
Of suitors as this maiden; first Limours,
A creature wholly given to brawls and wine,
Drunk even when he woo'd; and he he dead
I know not, but he past to the wild land.
The second was your foe, the sparrow-hawk,
My curse, my nephew—I will not let his
name
Slip from my lips if I can help it."

"I know him to be false and fierce.
When I refused my child to him, his

wrath broke out. In revenge, he spread a slander in the town, saying his father had left him gold in my charge, and I had not returned it.

"He roused my own town against me, and in one night, before my Enid's birthday, burst open my doors, sacked my castle, and seized my earldom.

"To overawe my friends and me, he built that white fortress, and I live in this ruined spot, where, doubtless, sometime he will put me to death.

"Often I despise myself, for I seem to suffer nothing. Whatever evil happens to me, I can bear it all so easily."

"For I have let men be, and have their way ;
Am much too gentle, have not used my
power :

Nor know I whether I be very base
Or very manful, whether very wise
Or very foolish ; only this I know,
That whatsoever evil happen to me,
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb.'"

Then exclaimed Geraint, "But give me arms, and I will fight this monster, in the morrow's tournament."

"Arms," the Earl replied, "I have indeed, but rusty arms, old and rusty, all yours, to use them as you will. But in this tourney, no man may fight except him whose lady-love is there to claim the prize for which each man strives. Should you win, you have no lady to whom to give the honor. My nephew, being skilled at arms and big of bone, has ever won it for her whom you saw riding with him this day."

Leaning toward the Earl, Geraint exclaimed, "Your pardon, if I ask too much; but let me lay a lance in rest for this fair child. I never saw a face more noble, nor heard a voice so sweet. If I fall, her name will still be pure, and if I live, I will make her my true wife."

Yniol's heart beat high, but looking he

saw not Enid there. The Earl answered not, but turning, said to the mother:

"A maiden is best understood by the mother who bore and reared the child. Go, and before thy daughter sleeps, tell her of this, and prove if her heart be toward the Prince."

The mother rose, half-dazed, half-smiling through her tears, and sought the maid. She kissed her child on either cheek, laid a hand on either snowy shoulder, and gazed at the fair face, while telling all that had passed between the Earl and the Prince.

Like light and shade under a troubled sky, so red and white came and went over the sweet, troubled face, wrapped in fear and wonder at the story.

Slowly the beautiful head sank on the gentle breast. The mother left her child and the maiden sought her couch to find no sleep;

“But ever fail’d to draw
The quiet night into her blood, and lay
Contemplating her own unworthiness.”

When the east began to glow with the dawn, Enid went to her mother, and was soon dressed for the tourney. Hand in hand, they slowly moved toward the meadow where the great event was to take place. There they waited for Geraint and Yniol. There came the Earl, and with him, the Prince clad in armor.

“And when Geraint
Beheld her first in field, awaiting him,
He felt, were she the prize of bodily force,
Himself beyond the rest pushing could move
The chair of Idris. Yniol’s rusted arms
Were on his princely person, but thro’ these
Princelike his bearing shone.”

Soon knights, lords, ladies, and the whole town flowed in.

The prize, the silver wand and golden sparrow-hawk, was placed in view, and

the trumpet blew to strife. Then Yniol's nephew rose and to the lady at his side proclaimed:

"Advance, and as the fairest of the fair, claim the prize of beauty which I have won for you these two years past. Advance!"

Then loudly cried the Prince, "Forbear! there is a worthier lady here."

Turning, the bold knight beheld the four, Enid, the mother, Geraint and Yniol. In surprise, disdain, and passion, he exclaimed, "Do battle for her then! The fight is on!"

Thrice they clashed together, and thrice they broke their spears. Each was unhorsed, and each drew sword, and lashed so often and with such blows, that all wondered. Twice they rested, and twice fought again, the flowing blood draining their strength.

At last Geraint heaved his blade aloft,

split the helmet of his foe, and felled him to the ground. Then setting foot upon his enemy's breast, he said, "Tell me thy name!"

The knight replied, "My name is Edryn, and shamed am I to tell it here, for men have seen me fall. My pride is broken."

"Then, Edryn," said Geraint, "two things thou shalt swear to do. First, thou, thy lady, and the dwarf, shall ride to Arthur's court and crave the pardon of the Queen; second, thou shalt give back the earldom to thy kin. These two things shalt thou do or die;" and Edryn answered, "These two things I will do."

"And rising up, he rode to Arthur's court,
And there the Queen forgave him easily.
And being young, he changed and came to
loath

His crime of traitor, slowly drew himself
Bright from his own dark life, and fell at last
In the great battle fighting for the King."

Three days after the morning of the
hunt, as the sun rose,

“The morn
Made a low splendor in the world, and wings
Moved in the ivy, Enid, for she lay
With her fair head in the dim yellow light,
Among the dancing shadows of the birds,”

sighed, thinking of her promise to Geraint. So bent he was on keeping truth with the Queen, that Enid had promised to ride with him to the court, to be made known to the stately Queen. There she was to be robed, there wed, and all with pomp as well became the daughter of an earl.

She cast her eyes upon her faded gown and thought it never yet had looked so poor, so mean.

“For as a leaf in mid-November is
To what it was in mid-October, seem’d
The dress that now she look’d on to the dress
She look’d on ere the coming of Geraint.

And still she look'd, and still the terror grew
Of that strange bright and dreadful thing, a
court."

Softly to herself she said:

"How I shall shame this noble Prince,
so splendid in his dress, when all the
court stare at me in my faded silk. If he
could but wait a day before he takes me
to the Queen, I would work my fingers
lame to make a gown fit for his bride."

How Enid longed for the birthday
robe, given by her mother three sad
years before, given on that wild night
when Edryn sacked the house,

"And scatter'd all they had to all the winds:
For while the mother showed it, and the two
Were turning and admiring it, the work
To both appeared so costly, rose a cry
That Edryn's men were on them, and they
fled

With little save the jewels they had on,
Which being sold and sold had bought them
bread;

And Edryn's men had caught them in their
flight,
And placed them in this ruin ; and she wish'd
The Prince had found her in her ancient home ;
Then let her fancy flit across the past,
And roam the goodly places that she knew ;
And last bethought her how she used to watch,
Near that old home, a pool of golden carp ;
And one was patch'd and blur'd and lustreless
Among his burnish'd brethren of the pool ;
And half asleep she made comparison
Of that and these to her own faded self
And the gay court, and fell asleep again ;
And dreamt herself was such a faded form
Among her burnish'd sisters of the pool ;
But this was in the garden of a King ;
And tho' she lay dark in the pool, she knew
That all was bright ; that all about were birds
Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work ;
That all the turf was rich in plots that look'd
Each like a garnet or a turkis in it ;
And lords and ladies of the high court went
In silver tissue talking things of state ;
And children of the King in cloth of gold
Glanced at the doors or gambol'd down the
walks ;
And while she thought, 'They will not see
me,' came

A stately Queen whose name was Guinevere,
And all the children in their cloth of gold
Ran to her crying, 'If we have fish at all
Let them be gold; and charge the gardeners
now

To pick the faded creature from the pool,
And cast it on the mixen that it dic.'
And therewithal one came and seized on her,
And Enid started waking, with her heart
All overshadow'd by the foolish dream."

Then came her mother to the bed, and
said, "See this, my child!" And Enid,
looking, saw the very gown she longed
for. Edryn had given command that
all the plunder taken from Yniol's castle
should be returned, and this had come
among the rest.

"Is it not a sweet surprise?" the
mother said.

"And Enid look'd, but all confused at first,
Could scarce divide it from her foolish dream:
Then suddenly she knew it and rejoiced,
And answer'd, 'Yea, I know it; your good
gift,

So sadly lost on that unhappy night ;
Your own good gift ! ' Yea, surely,' said the
dame,

' And gladly given again this happy morn.
For when the jousts were ended yesterday,
Went Yniol through the town, and every-
where

He found the sack and plunder of our house
All scatter'd thro' the houses of the town ;
And gave command that all which once was
ours

Should now be ours again : and yester-eve,
While ye were talking sweetly with your
Prince,

Came one with this and laid it in my hand
For love or fear, or seeking favor of us,
Because we have our earldom back again.
And yester-eve I would not tell you of it,
But kept it for a sweet surprise at morn.
Yea, truly, is it not a sweet surprise ?
For I myself unwillingly have worn
My faded suit, as you, my child, have yours,
And, howsoever patient, Yniol his.
Ah, dear, he took me from a goodly house,
With store of rich apparel, sumptuous fare,
And page, and maid, and squire, and sen-
eschal,

And pastime both of hawk and hound, and
all

That appertains to noble maintenance.

Yea, and he brought me to a goodly house ;
But since our fortune slipt from sun to shade,
And all thro' that young traitor, cruel need
Constrain'd us ; but a better time has come."

"Now dress yourself in this which
more befits the daughter of an Earl, and
Prince's bride."

The mother left the room. Enid rose,
and last of all, making herself fair to
meet her love, she slipped into the gay
gown that seemed a cloud of gold, so
richly was it broidered. Then she
sought the fond mother, who thought
her child had never seemed so fair.
While the women thus were glad,
Geraint appeared, and asked for Enid.
Yniol, laughing, said, "The mother fond
is making Enid gay and fine in dress, as
fits the daughter of an Earl."

The Prince exclaimed, "Good Earl,

entreat her by my love, to put off rich attire, and now to ride with me to court in her faded gown, the gown in which I won her love. My reason for the wish, I cannot tell you now."

Yniol bore the hard message to the gentle ladies. Enid dared not look in her mother's face, but silent and obedient, put off the costly robe and on the one despised. Then turning lightly to her mother, said, "I can do all gladly, when entreated by his love."

Most happy was the Prince when he saw the sweet maid thus attired,

"And glancing all at once keenly at her
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall,
But rested with her sweet face satisfied."

Seeing a cloud on the mother's brow, he caught her hands and said:

"O my new mother, be not angry with me, your new son. I promised the good Queen of our great Arthur, that no hands

but hers should robe my bride. She will make sweet Enid burst sunlike from a cloud. My dearest hope is that the Queen and your daughter, soon to be my bride, may be dearest friends. This gracious service of the Queen will draw them close together. How could the daughter of an Earl have nobler friend?

“‘Another thought was mine ;
I came among you here so suddenly,
That tho’ her gentle presence at the lists
Might well have served for proof that I was
 loved,
I doubted whether daughter’s tenderness,
Or easy nature, might not let itself
Be moulded by your wishes for her weal ;
Or, whether some false sense in her own self
Of my contrasting brightness, overbore
Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall ;
And such a sense might make her long for
 court
And all its perilous glories : and I thought,
That could I some way prove such force in her,
Link’d with such love for me, that at a word
(No reason given her) she could cast aside

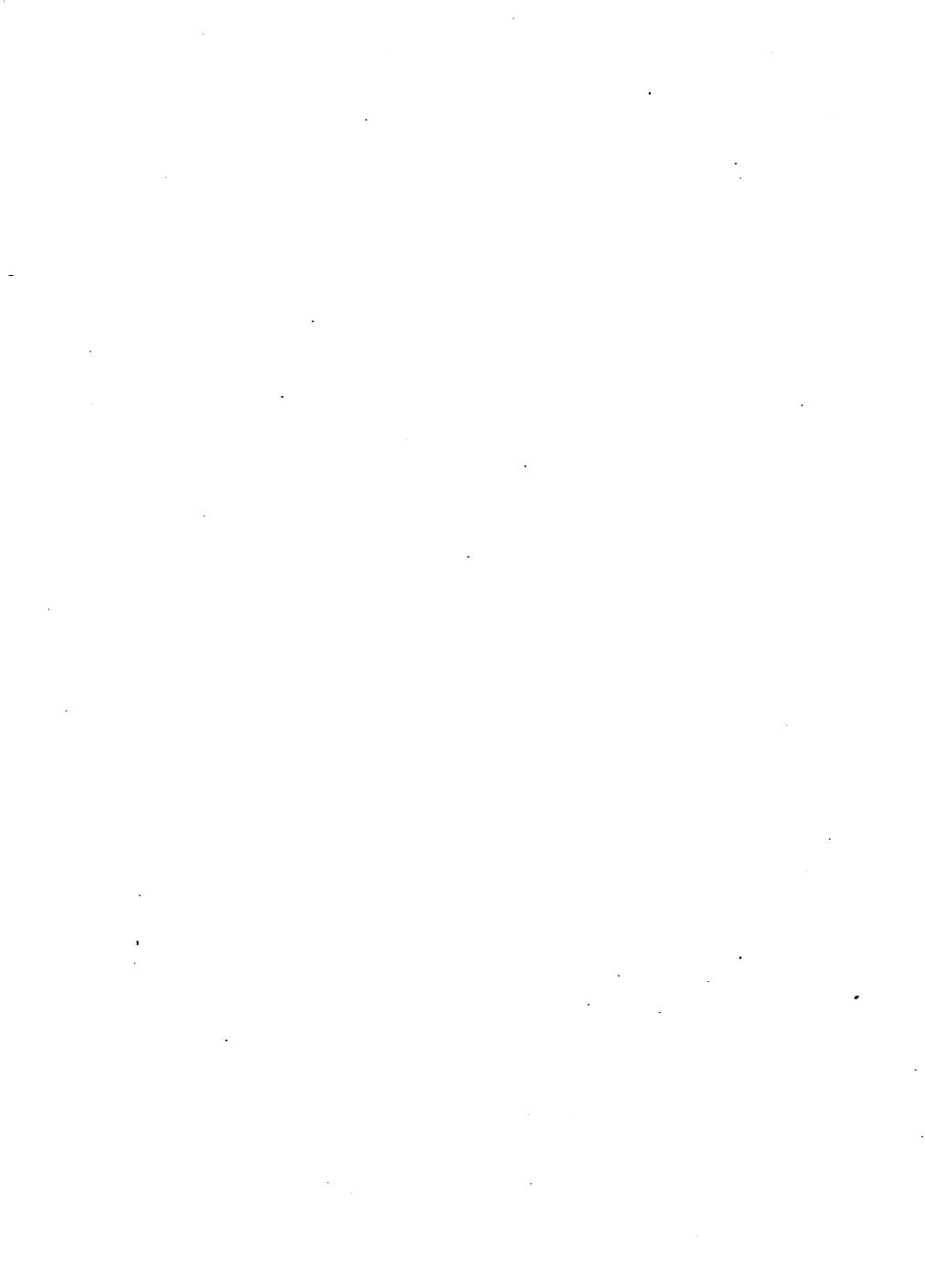
A splendor dear to women, new to her,
And therefore dearer ; or, if not so new,
Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the power
Of intermitted usage ; then I felt
That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and flows,
Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore, I do rest,
A prophet certain of my prophecy,
That never shadow of mistrust can cross our
lives."

I love the maiden more for this sweet
act of obedience, her readiness to put on
the poor mean gown. Be sure I will
make amends a thousand times. Some
day I will bring you back your child
clad in costly robes. Then you will
pardon the hard terms I make now."

"And for my strange petition I will make
Amends hereafter by some gaudy day,
When your fair child shall wear your gift
Beside your own warm hearth. On her
knees,
Who knows? another gift of the high God,
Which, maybe, shall have learn'd to lisp your
thanks."

The mother, smiling through her tears,
folded a mantle round the lovely maid,
clasped and kissed her.

Then the two rode away.





KING ARTHUR

CHAPTER IV.

“Now thrice that morning Guinevere had
climbed
The giant tower, from whose high crest, they
say,
Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,
And white sails flying on the yellow sea ;
But not to goodly hill or yellow sea
Look’d the fair Queen, but up the vale of Usk,
By the flat meadow, till she saw them come.”

The Queen, watching from the tower,
saw them ride to the castle gate. She
met and welcomed them, kissed and em-
braced the Prince’s chosen bride, and
clothed her radiant as the sun. But
Enid kept the faded gown, because in it
the Prince first loved her.

All the court did honor to the beautiful Princess, so modest and so fair.

The week that followed was most gay
at Arthur’s seat, at Camelot. All heads

bowed low, all hearts beat high, when Enid, daughter of a hundred earls, appeared. Indeed, so happy was the sweet child-wife, that as time passed, Geraint grew silent, grew sad, and then morose.

He grieved to think his Enid loved a life where much was wrong. He grieved to think her pure and stainless life must darken in the shadow of a court. He no longer wished that even the Queen of his loved King should be the chosen friend of Enid.

But she, chaste child, saw only what she looked for, good in man, and good in woman friend. Her simple, noble nature often saw most good in those who did most ill, and were most skilled in seeming.

The Prince at last resolved to bear her far from taint of wrong. Then to the King he went and made fair excuse for leave to quit the court. He begged

that he might go to lands his own, to the wide marches given him by his father. Geraint plead well his cause, saying it was wrong to let this fair spot in the King's realm be overrun by bandits, thieves, and cut-throats. He said, "I am no man to dally here in court, and leave my lands to be robbed and vassals to be murdered;" and the King said, "Go and cleanse this foul spot on my fair realm."

Then Enid wept. She loved her Prince and loved her Queen and those who showed her kindness. All begged Geraint to leave the tender Princess, and not to bear her far away to wilderness and wild, where danger must be met.

But Enid said in tears, "I shall go where my dear Prince shall go, whether it be to hall or hovel, life or death," and looking up she rose to meet his warm embrace. Instead, he answered her most

coldly, and the next morning said, "Put on your worst and meanest dress."

Enid, tearful, dressed herself in the faded silk, saying, "He surely cannot frown when I appear before him robed in the gown in which he wooed me."

They mounted each a horse, and Enid drew the rein that she might ride beside him. But he, now filled with wrath to think she wept to leave the court and courtiers, jealous of her beauty and their worship, cried, "Not at my side; I charge you ride on before, and whatever happens do not speak one word to me. Lead on."

They passed gray swamps, pools, waste places, and bandit haunts; yet she was ever praying Heaven to save her dear lord from harm. She wondered ever what grave fault she had, that made his brow so cloudy, and his look so cold.

"Then thought again, 'If there be such in me,
I might amend it by the grace of Heaven,
If he would only speak and tell me of it.'"

When the day was nearing noon, Enid
saw far on before, three tall knights,
well armed, on horseback, and waiting
in the shadow of the trees;

"And heard one crying to his fellow, 'Look,
Here comes a laggard hanging down his head,
Who seems no bolder than a beaten hound;
Come, we will slay him and will have his
horse
And armor.'"

Then she said, "I'll turn and tell my
lord. If he be angry and slay me, better
to die by his dear hand than that he
should suffer harm from bandits."

Turning, she met his frown firmly but
timidly, and said, "Dear, my lord, three
bandits, fully armed, lie in wait beneath
yon clump of trees to fall upon and slay
you."

In wrath he answered, "Did I ask your warning or your silence? One command I gave, that you should not speak to me, and this you disobey."

Then Enid, pale and faint with fear, waited, as down upon the man she loved the bandits rode. They rode to their own death, for Prince Geraint drove his spear quite through the body of the first, and swinging his sword out twice, laid low the other two.

He dismounted and stripped them of their armor, and bound each suit upon its owner's horse. Then tying the bridle reins together, he, said to Enid, "Drive them on before you," and she drove them on through the wilderness.

The Prince rode a little nearer to the being he loved best on earth, but still he could not forget the tears she shed at leaving great King Arthur's court, and his jealous heart made him cruel.

He longed to speak to her, so mild and obedient, but his pride and anger made him dumb.

Enid heeded not. She kept her eager watch lest ill befall them suddenly. Soon she saw another group of robbers hiding near a rock, their horses tied within the wood, and heard them say, "A prize, a prize!"

"Three horses and three goodly suits of arms,
And all in charge of whom? a girl: set on.'
'Nay,' said the second, 'yonder comes a knight.'

The third, 'A craven; how he hangs his head.'
The giant answer'd merrily, 'Yea, but one?
Wait here, and when he passes fall upon him.'

Then said the girl-wife, "I will halt and speak, and if he kill me, I shall perhaps save a dearer life than mine."

Waiting, she said, "Have I leave to speak, my lord?"

Bitterly he answered, "You take that leave by asking. Only death can silence woman's tongue."

She sighed, and said, "Three bandits hide in yonder wood by yonder rock; each is fully armed. They wait to fall upon you as you pass."

"If there were a hundred in the wood ready to rush upon me, it would not anger me so as you who disobey. Stand aside, and if I fall, you will soon make friends with the better man."

Breathing a prayer, she turned aside, nor dared to look. Straight at them rode Geraint, and with each blow of his battle-axe, fell a villain. The false comrades died the death they had often dealt to others.

Again Geraint dismounted and made his own the horses and the armor, and said to Enid, "Drive them on before you," and he followed, but still nearer

drew his horse to the brave, patient woman who mildly did his bidding.

“The pain she had
To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,
Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,
Together, served a little to disedge
The sharpness of that pain about her heart :
And they themselves, like creatures gently
born,
But into bad hands fall’n, and now so long
By bandits groom’d, prick’d their light ears,
and felt
Her low, firm voice and tender government.”

Through the gloom of the woods they passed out into an open meadow, and there they met a youth who carried food to the mowers. To him Geraint said, “Good lad, find us fair shelter for the night, and food for man and beast, and you may make your choice of these good steeds, and a suit of armor for yourself.”

“He, reddening in extremity of delight,
‘My lord, you overpay me fifty-fold.’

'Ye will be all the wealthier,' cried the Prince.
'I take it as free gift, then,' said the boy,
'Not guerdon ; for myself can easily,
While your good damsel rests, return, and
fetch

Fresh victual for these mowers of our Earl :
For these are his, and all the field is his,
And I myself am his ; and I will tell him
How great a man thou art ; he loves to know
When men of mark are in his territory ;
And he will have thee to his palace here,
And serve thee costlier than with mowers'
fare.'"

"Then said Geraint, 'I wish no better fare :
I never ate with angrier appetite
Than when I left your mowers dinnerless,
And into no Earl's palace will I go.
I know, God knows, too much of palaces !
And if he want me, let him come to me.
But hire us some fair chamber for the night,
And stalling for the horses, and return
With victual for these men, and let us know.'

"'Yea, my kind lord,' said the glad youth,
and went,
Held his head high, and thought himself a
knight,"

The lad made the choice, and led the way to lodgings for the strange, sad-looking pair.

"He fell asleep, and Enid had no heart
To wake him, but hung o'er him wholly
pleased
To find him yet unwounded after fight,
And hear him breathing low and equally.
Anon she rose, and stepping lightly, heap't
The pieces of his armor in one place,
All to be there against a sudden need ;
Then dozed awhile herself."

In the morning, when she rose and crossed the room to wake her lord, he groaned, and ordered her to bid the host bring the charger and the palfrey to the door. She glided out to do his bidding, and returning in silence, helped her rough lord fasten on his armor.

To the host he said, "Take for your hospitality these horses and the armor," and to Enid, "Forward! and to-day I charge you, though I count it little use

to charge you, speak not to me, no matter what you see, or hear, or fancy."

Enid answered, "Yes, my lord, I know your wish and would obey, but riding on before you, I hear what you hear not, and see the danger which you cannot see. Not to give you warning is more than I can bear."

With that he turned and sent her on to the waste lands of the savage Doorm.

Enid looked back, and seeing that he rode nearer to her by many rods, her heart was glad.

"It wellnigh made her cheerful ; till Geraint
Waving an angry hand as who should say
'Ye watch me,' sadden'd all her heart again."

Soon the sound of heavy hoof-beats fell upon her ear, and to keep her lord's command, she wildly shook her arms in air, and pointed to the lances glittering in the dust before them.

In a moment after, wild Limours,

shrieking, rushed upon Geraint, who closed with him, and left him stunned or dead. Then all the others turned.

"They vanish'd panic-stricken, like a shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower ;
So, scared but at the motion of the man,
Fled all the boon companions of the Earl,
And left him lying in the public way ;
So vanish friendships only made in wine."

Geraint smiled fiercely, saying, "Horse and man are of one mind ; not a living man or hoof left !"

Then his eye darkened, and his helmet wavered, and the Prince fell from his horse. He had been wounded in the combat with Limours. Enid leaped from her saddle, and loosed the fastenings of

his arms. She let not a tear dim her eye, nor her true hand falter, while she sought the wound. She tore the scarf from her burning brow, and did what could be done to stanch the flow of blood that drained the life to her so dear.

In desolation, when all was done, she sat down beside the way and wept.

Many passed her by. A woman weeping for her murdered mate was then no rare sight in these wild places.

"One took him for a victim of Earl Doorm,
Nor dared to waste a perilous pity on him :
Another hurrying past, a man-at-arms,
Rode on a mission to the bandit Earl ;
Half whistling and half singing a coarse song,
He drove the dust against her veilless eyes :
Another, flying from the wrath of Doorm
Before an ever-fancied arrow, made
The long way smoke beneath him in his fear ;
At which her palfrey whinnying lifted heel,
And scoured into the coppices and was lost,
While the great charger stood, grieved like a
man."

At noon, the great Earl Doorm came riding with his train, and cried out, "What! is he dead?"

"No, not dead," she answered. "Will some of you, kind people, take him up, and carry him out of this fierce sunshine? I am sure he is not dead!"

Then said Earl Doorm, "Do not spoil your comely face with idiot tears. If he is not dead, why wail? If he be dead, tears will not make him live again. Here! men, take him and bear him to the Hall."

Then two sturdy spearsmen raised and laid him on a rude litter, and bore him to the Hall of Doorm, where they tossed him on an oaken settle.

"His gentle charger following him unled,
Then they departed, hot in haste to join
Their luckier mates, but growling as before,
And cursing their lost time, and the dead man,
And their own Earl, and their own souls, and
her.

They might as well have blest her : she was
deaf

To blessing or to cursing save from one."

For long hours Enid sat in the empty hall holding the head so dear, and chafing the limp hands. Her tears fell fast upon his face. This roused him to consciousness, but he lay quite still, saying to himself, "She weeps! can it be she weeps for me, or is it for the court and courtiers lost to her for evermore?"

In the afternoon, the Earl of Doorm returned, and then into the hall came a group of men and women, dressed in gay attire.

The Earl called for food for all his guests, and soon the board was spread, and the room was filled with odors strong of meat and drink.

All ate amid tumult, but Enid shrank far back. The Earl saw the trembling

creature there, and rising, went to her and said, "Come, eat with us. I never yet beheld a face so pale. Good luck had your good man, for were I dead, no soul would weep for me. Never since I first drew breath, have I seen a lily like yourself. There is not one among these gentlewomen fit to latch your shoe. Be ruled by me, and if that surly Prince be dead, I'll share my kingdom with you."

Enid trembling, drooped her head, and in a low voice answered, "I beg you, in all courtesy, to leave me in my grief. I will not eat until my lord be well."

"Drink, then," the Earl exclaimed, and filled the goblet and held it to her lips.

"I will not drink, till he drink with me; and if he drink no more, I will not look on wine or meat until I die."

The Earl then said, "Why do you

cling to him who scorned your beauty
when he dressed it thus in faded rags?"

"'Amazed am I,
That I forbear you thus : cross me no more.
At least put off to please me this poor gown,
This silken rag, this beggar-woman's weed :
I love that beauty should go beautifully :
For see ye not my gentlewomen here,

How gay, how suited to the house of one,
Who loves that beauty should go beautifully?
Rise therefore ; robe yourself in this : obey.'"

"He spoke, and one among his gentle-
women

Display'd a splendid silk of foreign loom,
Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue
Play'd into green, and thicker down the front
With jewels than the sward with drops of dew,
When all night long a cloud clings to the hill,
And with the dawn ascending lets the day
Strike where it clung : so thickly shone the
gems."

But Enid answered, "In this poor
gown, he bade me robe myself, and I

will not cast it aside until he bid me. I have griefs enough; pray you, be gentle! I never loved, and can never love but him."

Then the Earl came closer, and shook his beard, and smote her on the cheek. At her wild cry, Geraint made a single bound, grasped his sword, and swept it through the brutal neck.

"And like a ball
The russet-bearded head roll'd on the floor.
So died Earl Doorm by him he counted dead."

All fled from the hall, and Enid and the Prince were there alone.

He said, "My love, my Enid, I have been more cruel to you than that dead man; but now you are thrice my own. I'll never doubt you more, but spend my life in giving you the joy your love deserves."

Enid said no word but, "Fly, fly! Your charger waits outside!"

"And moving out they found the stately horse,
Was free to stretch his limbs in lawful flight,
Neigh'd with all gladness as they came, and
stoop'd

With a low whinny toward the pair : and she
Kiss'd the white star upon his noble front,
Glad also ; then Geraint upon the horse
Mounted, and reach'd a hand,"

drew her to his arms, and so they rode
away to great King Arthur's court.
When they reached the camp, the King
himself advanced to meet them.

When Geraint was strong and the
wound was healed, the King went with
them back to Carleon on the Usk.
There the Queen once more embraced
her friend, and sent a guard of fifty
knights to ride with them to the great
Hall of the Prince.

Now in his own land Geraint kept
the rule of the King. He was ever fore-
most in the chase, in tilt, and tournament.
They called him the "Great Prince," but

Enid, her ladies named, "The Fair," and all the grateful people round called her, "Enid the Good." In the palace halls were heard as time went on, the voices of children, Enid's and Geraint's, and all the years were filled with joy that only loving loyal hearts can know.

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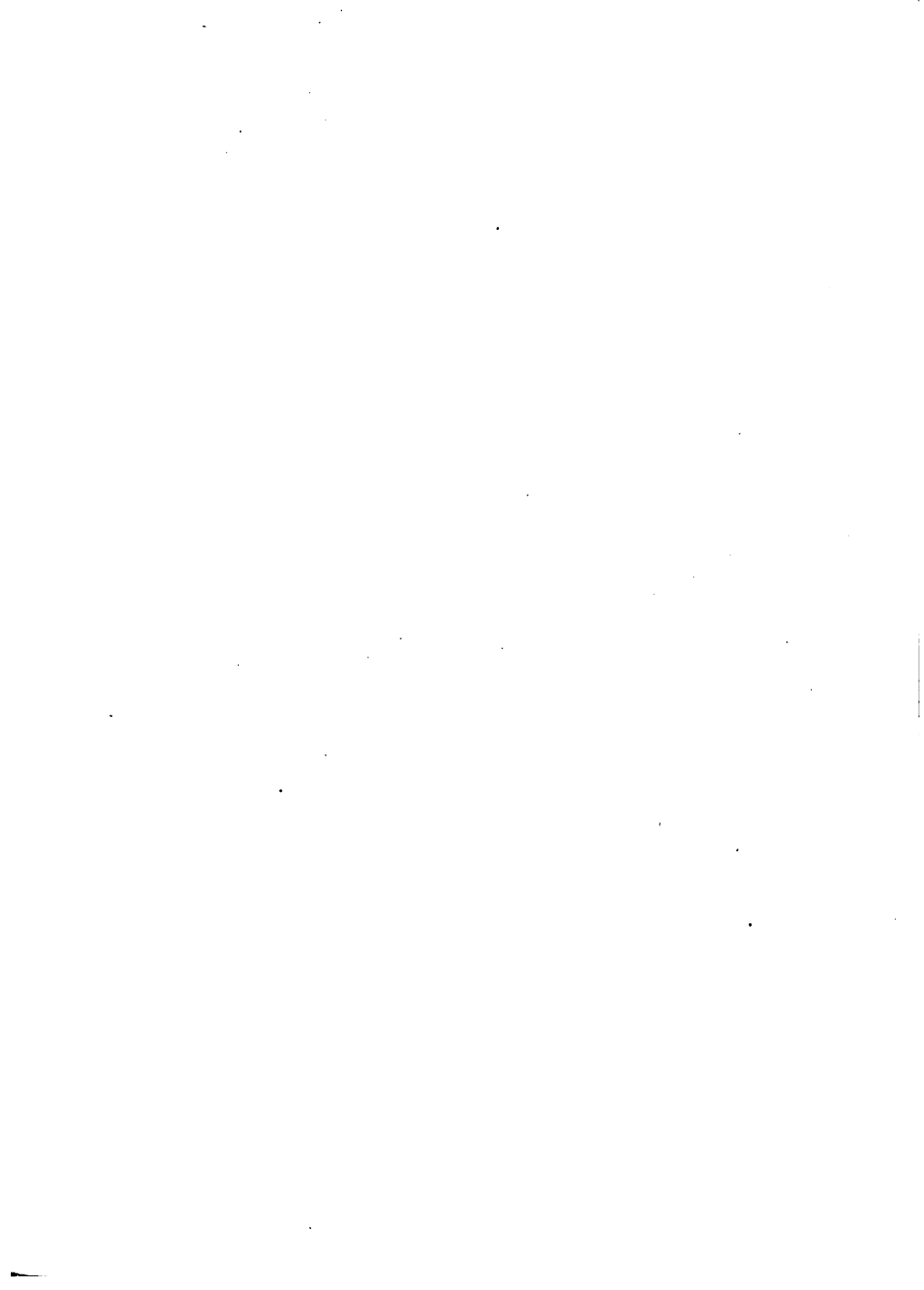
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